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With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

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STANLEY BARRACKS,
TORONTO,
ONT.

DECEMBER, 1927

CAVALRY BARRACKS,
ST. JOHNS.
P.Q.

Greetings

The table's set, the holly's hung,
The candles lit, the carols sung,
The stockings filled, the bells are rung,
And in the hearts of old and young
Are Greetings glad for Christmas.



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Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.

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Sergeants' Mess, Royal School of Cavalry, St. Johns, P.Q., 1912.

Standing

Left to Right—Sgt. I. Dowdell, Sgt. Larose, Sgt. Keating, Sgt. Hammond, Sadd. Sgt. Mountford, Sgt. I. Deane, Sgt. Cox, Sgt I. Scott.

Sitting

Left to Right—S.Q.M.S. Morgan, S.S.M. I. Smuck, R.Q.M.S. Baldwin, Capt. Gilman, Adj., Major Van Straubenzie, O.C., S.M.I. Medhurst, Q.M.S. Lewis, O.R.C., S.S.M. I. Dee, S. Sgt. F. Harraden.

On behalf of all ranks of the
regiment we take this
opportunity of wishing all our
subscribers and advertisers a
Merry, Merry Xmas
and a
Prosperous and
Happy New Year.

Editorial.

Another year has almost passed and Father Time awaits with his sickle in the shadows, but before the year is ushered out, the Staff of "The Goat" wish to thank all subscribers for their splendid support and interest shown throughout the year. It is only by the active interest shown by our subscribers that we can hope to increase our circulation and it is due to this support that our publication is in circulation over a great part of the globe.

We can do better still provided our subscribers keep up the good work! And here I wish to make a suggestion. As this is the Christmas season let each and everyone of us send "The Goat" to someone, either an old comrade who is not yet a subscriber—or to an ex-service man. This will help us materially and you will reap the benefit in a bigger and better "Goat."

At this season when the spirit of goodwill is everywhere we feel that we should pause for a moment in remembrance of those who "Sleep in Flanders Fields."

"And us they trusted—we the task inherit,
The unfinished task for which their lives were spent,
And, leaving us a portion of their spirit,
They gave their witness, and they died content.
Full well they knew they could not built without us,
That better country, faint and far decreed,
God's own true Homeland, but they did not doubt us,
And in that faith they died."

Xmas season approaches and St. Nicholas will soon be on the rampage. The children have already started writing in the hope he will not forget them and we are sure he will grant their childish supplications.

Poor father and mother have commenced to "dig down"—the old sock has been drawn out of its hiding place, whilst the household accounts have been carefully pruned in order that the old custom of celebrating the Christ Child's Birthday may be fittingly observed.

Relations and friends must also not be forgotten at this time of the year. Of course the children can never be overlooked! What of mother? She appears to be strong in relations and seems to have collected numerous friends through life. As for father! he is not supposed to have any relations; as for his friends—hasn't got any, or they are not of the right kind. However it is father who foots the bill and this he does for his own peace of mind, realizing that objections are futile. He has become firmly convinced that the old saying "It's the Woman that Pays" is false! But keep your eye on Dad when the great day has arrived and the presents are being distributed—he will be seated in a corner watching the tree like a hungry dog for a bone—just as eager as the children—watching for his turn as the tree is slowly cleared, the gleam fades from his eye and the smile spreading over his countenance

becomes at last a sickly grin as he very cautiously takes a squint at what mother has piled around her.

Aye! We are all children at heart! Poor Dad! Do you believe it? I don't! He is there heart and soul in the fun and takes more pleasure out of giving than in receiving.

Personal & Regimental

ST. JOHNS

Congratulations to Tpr. T. Wheeler on his promotion to S/S Corporal.

Our hearty congratulations to the following on passing their courses: L/Cpls. Martin and Clark; Tprs Charlton and Yoxall.

Extensive repairs to the barracks are now being carried out. The workmen have started on the west-end of the men's block and we are

North Pole
The Editor "The Goat"
St. Johns., P.Q.,
Dear Mr. Editor:

I received your message last night over the radio asking me not to forget the boys and girls at the Barracks in St. Johns and Toronto. I have had so many letters lately asking me to visit boys and girls all over the world that I'm afraid I will have to use my new aeroplane this Xmas. In this way I'll come to St. Johns on December 22nd about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, so don't forget to have all the children—and their parents too,—around the Tree as I will not be able to stay very long.

I see by your list that you have some new little boys and girls at the barracks. Tell them I'll be glad to meet them and also tell Joan, Doreen, Norman and Joseph Mountford that I especially wish to see them.

Please see Corporal Taylor and tell him to be sure the chimney in the officers' mess is well cleaned out as last year Mr. Chadwick must have forgot and I spoiled my new suit coming down the chimney.

I was sorry to hear about Mildred Couter and Fred Steward being ill but am sure when they hear I'm coming they will soon get well again.

SANTA CLAUS

CHRISTMAS TREE

Stanley Barracks

The Annual Christmas Tree for the children of personnel of Stanley Barracks, is being held in the Gymnasium, at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, December 21st. Arrangements are being made with Santa Claus and he has stated that he hopes to be present and will have a present for every child up to 14 years of age. It is hoped that the children will bring their fathers and mothers with them to help join in the fun.

sure when the job is finished we will be compensated for the inconvenience in the over-crowding of the remainder of the men's quarters.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., proceeded to England on two months' furlough. All ranks wish him a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

During the absence of Major Timmis, Capt. G. F. Berteau assumes command of "A" Squadron.

The following recruits have been taken on during the past month: Tprs. Roy, Maheux, and Washington.

A hockey meeting was held last month and it was decided not to enter a team in the St. Johns City League owing to most of our players having left during the past year. A Garrison League consisting of the three troops and 'D' Coy. The R.C.R.



was formed, the first game to be played on Jan. 7th between "D" Coy. and 3rd Troop.

TORONTO

Stanley Barracks

The Sergeants' Mess, Stanley Barracks, entertained at a dance, in the gymnasium on the evening of December 2nd. There was quite a large gathering and an enjoyable evening was had by all.

A number of ex-members of the Regiment were present amongst whom were especially noticed, Mr Percy Morgan, "Pete" Merrix, "Nobby" Clarke, Mr. Sprent, Major E. A. Steer, M.C.

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and other Officers of Stanley Barracks

attended as well as representatives from the various units of N.P.A.M., in No. 2.

The Rector and Wardens of St. Johns Garrison Church, gave an "At Home" in the Church Hall, Stewart Street, on the evening of Thursday December 1st.

The hall was crowded with members of the Garrison and their friends and a large number of Parishioners.

An enjoyable programme was given, followed by refreshments and dancing. Gen. Sir William Otter, K.C.B., C.V.O., was in the chair.

The Officers of the R.C.D.'s. were guests at the Dance given during Horse Show week by the Officer Commanding and Officers of the Governor General's Body Guard. Their Excellencies, the Governor General and Lady Willingdon were present.

Our congratulations to Q.M.S.I. F. G. Cox upon his recent promotion to the above rank.

Sergt. Major J.H. Dowdell and Sergt. W. G. Tamlyn proceeded to St. Johns on December 2nd to represent Headquarters and "B" Sqn at the funeral of the late Sergt. Maj. J. Mountford.

Lieut. R. E. A. Morton, L.S.H. (R.C.) who is at present on leave in Toronto, paid a call upon the Officers at Stanley Barracks.

We are pleased to report that Lieut. W. E. Gillespie and R.S.M., G. D. Churchward, M.M. have returned to light duty from Christie Hospital.

About two weeks ago Tpr. G. Gill was admitted to Christie Street Hospital and had to undergo an emergency operation for appendicitis. Reports from the hospital state he is making very satisfactory progress.

Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D. has been transferred from "B" Sqn. to Regimental Headquarters and appointed Adjutant vice Capt. Bvt. H. Stethem, who has been seconded for duty at the Royal Military College.

Capt. M. Drury and Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D., attended the reception and dance given at the Armouries by the officers of the Mississauga Horse, which followed the inspection of that unit on the evening of December 5th.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. D. B. Bowie who has been most seriously ill in the Western Hospital has made sufficient progress to ena-

ble her to be moved to the residence of her mother Mrs. E. A. Rutherford, Davenport Road.

Major H. K. Hemming. The R.C.R. has reported for duty at Stanley Barracks to command "B" Coy., The R.C.R. vice Lt. Colonel R. J. S. Langford, who was recently transferred to Halifax, N.S., Major and Mrs. Hemming and their young daughter are living on Jamieson Ave., and we heartily welcome them to their new surroundings.

Major William Baty, R.C.D., and C.M.S.I., P. Walshe are conducting a Provisional School of Cavalry at Prescott, Ontario.

OBITUARY

Capt. G. F. Elliott, M.C.—It is with great regret that we have learned through newspaper despatches of the sudden death of Captain G. F. Elliott, M.C., Royal Artillery. Captain Elliott for the past two years had been in Canada attached to the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery at Kingston and Winnipeg, on exchange from the Imperial Army, and last year was a member of the Canadian Officers International Jumping Team which competed at the National Horse Show New York and the Royal Winter Fair Toronto.

During the period of training for the team he was quartered at Stanley Barracks. His tour of duty in Canada expired some six weeks ago and he was granted a month's leave which he spent in the United States

prior to his return to England. The Canadian Officers team in New York this year received messages of congratulations from him on their success and he dined with Captain Bate at New York and at that time he was apparently in the best of health. The press despatches state that he died at Queenstown, Ireland. We therefore assume that he must have taken ill at sea, and put ashore at Queenstown.

Though an officer in the British Army Captain Elliott was born in the United States. He was under 30 years of age and is survived by his wife and a small baby to whom we offer our sincere sympathies.

LADY BEAVERBROOK—The sudden death in London, England, on December 1st of Lady Beaverbrook marks the passing of one of the best known Canadian ladies residing in Great Britain. Before her marriage Lady Beaverbrook was Gladys Henderson Drury, daughter of the late Brigadier-General Charles William Drury, C.B., of Kingston and Halifax and was well known to many officers of the Permanent Force. She was married in 1906 to William Maxwell Aitken, who was knighted in 1911 and raised to the peerage in 1917. She was a cousin of Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D.

The new messenger boy at the hotel tapped at the door.

"Please, sir, here's a telegram for you!"

"All right! Slip it under the door."

"I can't, s'r It's on a tray,"—Answers.

THE LATE SERGEANT-MAJOR (W.O.I.) J. MOUNTFORD.

We regret to publish in this issue notice of the death of Saddler S.M. J. Mountford who died in his shop 2 p.m. Thursday, December 1st, his death being due to heart failure. S.M. Mountford, or "Joe" as he was more widely called, within and without the regiment, was a great favourite with those with whom he came in contact, his kindly smile and quiet manner endearing him to all.

One of nature's gentlemen and a fine soldier, he went out as a soldier would wish to go—with his boots on—serving to the last. At his trade he had few equals—one of the old school—and it did not matter whether he was hard pressed or not he could always find time to do any little job that would help or assist others.

He had served for 22 years and 38 days in the permanent force, his first enlistment being with the Royal Canadian Engineers, Toronto, 25th October 1905. He was transferred to The Royal Canadian Dragoons in St. Johns, P.Q., on the 19th July 1910 as a Saddler Sergeant, serving with this regiment up to his untimely end.

His medals and decorations are: 1914-15 Star, General Service and Victory Medals, Long Service and Good Conduct Medals.

To Mrs. Mountford and family, through the medium of our regimental journal, we wish to express, on behalf of all ranks, our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss of Husband, Father, Soldier and Man.

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LET US SHOW YOU HOW

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The Officer Commanding and Officers, Stanley Barracks, entertained at a dance in the Officers' Mess on Saturday evening, November 19th in honor of the officials and out-of-town exhibitors of the Royal Winter Fair. Upwards of 200 guests were present including—Major-General and Mrs. J. H. MacBrien, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. A. H. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Davies, Major and Mrs. Clifford Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sifton, Col. and Mrs. Reginald Pellatt, George Beardmore, Esq., M.P.H., Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin, Miss Ivy Madison, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ruddy, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Victor Sifton, Allen Case, Esq., Malcolm Richardson, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Innes, Miss Eleanor N. Inness, Col. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Guardhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Buyers, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Myles, Lt. Col. and Mrs. T. Beardmore, Duncan Bull, Esq., H. W. Waters, Esq., Lt. Col. and Mrs. W. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Bowerbank, Miss Ruth Cowans, Miss Malory Davis, Walter Scott, Esq., Lt. Col. and Mrs. James Moss, Miss K. George, Capt. Boris Tchitcherin, Miss Adele Boulton, Miss Persis Seagram, Miss Mary Harris, Guthbert Scott, Esq., Gerald Larkin, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Macabe, Maj. and Mrs. Walter Rawlinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Tudhope, Lt. Col. and Mrs. McWaters, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dymont, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Plummer, Miss Anna May Hees, Harold Hees, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgson, Harry Worcester Smith, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. James G. Hillets, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ivey, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Clothier, Jr., the Misses Clothier, Major and Mrs. A. E. Steer, Lt. Col. and Mrs. W. A. Rhoades, and the Misses Rhoades, H. C. Johnston, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Arnoldi, Mr. Somers, Miss Dorothy Myers, Miss Back, Maj. and Mrs. Saunders, C. A. Temp'e, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Waddie, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Laidlaw, Miss Beulah Wilson, Alfred Rogers, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sleigh, Lt. Col. J. E. L. Streight, H. D. Warren, Esq., Bruce B. King, Esq., Lt. Col. C. A. McCrimmon, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Gillespie.

In the absence of Mrs. D. B. Bowie the guests were received by Mrs. E. L. Caldwell and Major D. B. Bowie. Supper was served in the Billiard Room and dancing continued to the small hours of the morning.

Lieut. Beaulieu, 5th Chasseurs d'Afrique, Algiers, who has been on leave in Canada called at the officers' Mess, Stanley Barracks, and was also a guest at the dance on Saturday 19th November.

Manager of Hotel—"Now, then, my lad, it's taking you a long time to black those boots, isn't it?"

Boot Boy—"Yes sir; but you see, some of them were brown when I started."



This magnificent
ALL-CANADIAN TROPHY

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The Officers of The Royal Canadian Dragoons,
To
The Officers of The 1st Royals

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31-37 Wellington St. East. Toronto

Old Comrades Notes.

R.C.D. Old Comrades Association

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Old Comrades Association was held at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, at 8.00 p.m. Thursday 8th December 1927, Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., presiding.

The following were in attendance: Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., President.

Major E. A. Steer, Vice-President.
Captain J. Wood,
Mr. F. Dunbar,
Mr. J. M. Sutherland,
R.Q.M.S. J. MacLean, C.M.
S. M. F. Ackerman, Secretary.

After the usual routine business, reading of minutes of previous meeting and passing of financial statement, the following motions were made and carried:—

Re-Union

That a re-union be held at an early date in the Gymnasium at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. Notices will be sent to all ex-members on the mailing list and it is hoped that a large number will attend this re-

union.

General Meeting

It was decided that the next General Meeting of the Association will be held at the Armouries, Toronto, on the evening of Saturday, January 28th, 1928, at 8 p.m.

The Secretary read a personal letter received by him from an ex-member of the association, asking for financial assistance, to which he had replied that there were no funds available for this purpose. His action in this regard was endorsed by the Committee, as this question was brought up at a meeting on the formation of the Association, when it was decided that the Association was to be in no way considered a benefit society.

Major E. A. Hethrington and Capt. H. E. Cochrane M.C., dropped in for luncheon at the officers mess, Stanley Barracks last month. We wish that more ex-officer old comrades would avail themselves of this privilege more frequently.

Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Allen Case Esq. and Gordon Myles, Esq. were noticed

amongst the judges at the Royal Winter Fair Horse Show at Toronto last month. Our old friend Major Jim Widgery as usual performed the duties of ringmaster and was ably assisted by Lieut. Tommy LeBlanc.

Amongst the entertainments held in Toronto during the week of the Royal Winter Fair was a delightful At Home given by Mr. and Mrs. Allen Case. All officers and their wives of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, stationed at Stanley Barracks were amongst the large number of guests invited.

Ex-Sgt. C. Othen paid a visit to Stanley Barracks last month, and needless to say we were all delighted to see him again. His home is now at Benton Station, Alta., but at present he is on a visit to St. Marys, Ont., for several months.

Brig.-Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., was a frequent visitor at Stanley Barracks during the Royal Winter Fair.

Q.M.S. MacDonald R.C.D., paid a short visit to Stanley Barracks last week. MacDonald left "A" Sqn., at



Christmas! Christmas!

Many people do not know what to offer their relatives at the holiday season.

We have many suggestions to offer, and our windows this week will show them to you.

For example: A pair of slippers, a nice pair of fancy shoes; a club bag is certainly a practical gift; would you not like to receive a good Boston Bag in which to carry your purchases, etc.?

We cannot enumerate all our suggestions, but pay us a visit and we will help you.

House slippers for ladies and gentlemen.

Shoe trees of all colours.

Fancy Shoe-horns for ladies.

Hang bags in solid leather for ladies and gentlemen.

Special Holiday bags for children, etc., etc., etc.

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St. Johns some four years ago on transfer to the Survey Section, R.C.E.

Toronto was taken by storm over the last week end when Capt. R. B. LeBlanc visited the city on business. He naturally came out to Stanley Barracks where he was warmly received. Beaudry looks to be in the best of health, in fact one of his admirers was heard to remark that his contours somewhat resembled those of "The Covered Wagon." This is all to the good as the more we see of Beaudry, the better we are pleased.

MERRIE XMAS ON THE PIPE-SMOKE TRAIL

(Dedicated to my old friend Tom L. Seaton.)

There's an old, old trail we follow,
It's a trail, pal, we both know;
It's the "Pipe-smoke Trail" that leads us,
To the land of long ago.
To the land of happy promise,
To the land where dreams come true,
It's a Trail I love to follow
For it always leads to you.

I'm still upon the Pipe-smoke Trail
And want to let you know
That I've ne'er forgot your greeting
On that smoke-trail long ago.
The mem'ry of that greeting
Is just as fresh today.
And I send it back to you, old friend,
As my smoke-trail curls away.
From Old "Sim,"
35 Parkside Drive,
Toronto, Ont.

Chicago Notes.

Chicago Riding Club Horse Show.

The Annual Horse Show held by the Chicago Riding Club, took place from Nov. 22nd to Dec. 3rd. The entries were the largest in the history of the Club and the show was a great success both socially and financially. The Military Team Competition so popular two years ago, was again missing and much regret was heard on all sides that the Foreign Officers were not present.

The jumping competition was keen and the entries above the average in quality and performance. The horses from the Cavalry School at Fort Riley were Joe Ayrshire, Dick Waring, and Negra. To these horses went most of the ribbons though they were given plenty of opposition by O.W. Lehmann's "Sure Fire," and "Reveille," E. J. Lehmann's "Hemlock," Geo. Strom's "June Night" and Thompson Ross' "Rocket," the latter ridden by Major Nordheimer.

"Rocket" is a great jumper but temperamental. Stout of heart, strong of limb, he never refuses and seldom had more than 2 faults against him. In the 5 ft Class, out of 25 entries he was 3rd after having to

jump off with a clean performance with two other horses. In the \$1000.00 jumping Stake, he again made a clean and had to jump off with "Sure Fire," "Dick Waring" for the tie. On the jump off, Dick Waring made a clean performance. "Rocket" made ½ point and "Sure Fire" 2½. In the pen jump, "Rocket" was 3rd and in the "Touch and Out" Stake he was 7th.

International Horse Show, Stock Yards, Chicago.

The International Stock Yards Horse Show opened on the closing night of the Chicago Riding Club and was also immensely popular. Seats were at a premium all week and the enthusiasm shown by the crowd augured well for the future of horses. Practically the same horses competed with the exception of the Fort

Riley string. "Rocket" whether from over exertion or change of conditions did not do so well, getting 4th in the Amateur Class and 3rd in the Pen Jump. In the Hunter Stake he was one of 3 horses to get a clean performance but conformation, that much over-rated feature of Hunters kept him out of the money.

Record Football Attendance

All American records for attendance were shattered when Notre-Dame and Southern California played at Soldiers' Field Chicago on Nov. 28th. 110,000 people paid to witness the game which was won by Notre Dame 7-6. Next year when Navy and Notre Dame play here, the accommodation will be increased to seat 165,000 and it is expected that every seat will be taken.

Bytown Bits.

GONE TO ENGLAND—The first part of the month saw the departure for England of Colonel J. Sutherland Brown and family. Col. Brown goes on a years course at the War College and takes with him the best wishes of all ranks in the Ottawa garrison. Numerous social events in the honor of Buster and his wife were held previous to their departure.

IS NOW DIRECTOR—Lieut. Colonel H. H. Mathews has been appointed to succeed Colonel J. Sutherland Brown as Director of Intelligence.

WERE IN TOWN—Among the out of town guests at the Ottawa Winter Fair were Major R. S. Timmis, Maj. W. Baty, Captain L. D. Hammond and Stew Bate. Major Timmis and the two captains were here of course in their capacity as riders in the show and brought with them the mounts that made Canada famous at the International.

THE WINTER FAIR—That Ottawa Winter Fair was the best yet is the consensus of opinion by those who saw it. The attendance was bigger than ever and capacity houses were the order every night. The military end was held up by National Defence Headquarters who maintained a box for the week and also by the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards who did the same. The cavalry box was decorated with lances and the regimental crest. The work of B. Battery under Lieut. G. C. Simmonds came in for a round of applause every evening.

IS CLOSE SECOND—After seeing Stew Bate take three tumbles in one night someone remarked that he and a certain Royal Personage were running a close race.

GAVE PARTY—On the evening of the 30th November the Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards

and their wives entertained the out of town officers attending the Winter Fair at the regimental headquarters. The guests were received by Lieut. Col. and Mrs. W. A. Blue and by Major F. B. Inkster, Mess President and Mrs. Inkster. A large number were present including Major-General and Mrs. J. H. MacBrien.

MADE GOOD SHOW—For a stable less than a year old the boys of the P.L.D.G. did not fare too badly in the Winter Fair. While no high honors were copped yet several firsts a few seconds and a majority of thirds were won. Considering the fact that most of the officers have only owned their horses less than a year, their work was quite notable. By another year they hope to have them sufficiently trained to take a whack at Toronto.

HE WAS MISSED—The genial face, form, and voice of Major Jim Widgery, was sadly absent at the Winter Fair. It really did not seem right and one felt that the whole show was in some way not strictly legal with the genial Jim absent.

OFFICERS ENTERTAIN—A very delightful tea party was given by the Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, to their wives on the afternoon of Sunday December 4th. The mess was decorated for the show and the guests were received by Mrs. W. A. Blue, wife of the Officer Commanding, Mrs. F. B. Inkster wife of the Mess President and Mrs. C. S. Macpherson, wife of the Mess Secretary. The party was a family affair pure and simple, only the members of the unit being present.

Fond Mother—"What do you think of little Freddie? He's the very image of his father, isn't he?"

Visitor (cynically)—"Yes, but Freddie needn't mind that as long as he has good health."

CHRISTMAS

(From the Sketch Book, by Washington Irving) (Courtesy Putmans' New York.)

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape and we "live abroad and every where." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing of the fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn—earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence—all fill with meek but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation.

But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated—our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms.

Washington Irving.

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Letters to Editor.

624 St Catherine St. West
Montreal
Dec. 6th, 1927

The Editor, "The Goat"

Dear Sir:—

How the time flies when one gets into the forties. Here is Christmas upon us again, making us sentimental and opening the way for brain fever. To whom shall we give and how much shall we spend? This turns us grey and still we like it all.

Christmas, somehow or other, makes us like each other better. It is a jolly, happy season that compensates for the worries of the past year. Goodwill flourishes.

At this time-of-year we can so easily overlook what would offend at other times. We regard all men as our friends. To remember each other by the exchange of gifts, cards and messages is a pleasure, not a duty.

So, permit me to most sincerely wish all members of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, past and present, a very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year. This is not an original wish, but, after all, modern thought can think of nothing more complete. When one is happy, nothing else is necessary. So, my friends, may we all be happy.

Thanking you for the privilege of the use of your publication for this personal message.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. POWELL

Dear Captain:

Please find attached cheque for \$5.25 same being for five years subscription for "The Goat".

Am progressing very satisfactorily and always enjoy my copy of "The Goat" as it brings to mind many enjoyable days spent with the boys.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my congratulations for the great display made by the members of the regiment at the various Horse Shows on the continent.

Wishing every one the best of good wishes and a Merry Xmas, I remain,

One of the old Boys,

Francis Melville,
Box 658, Kitchener,
Ontario

Dear Sir.

I would like very much to express my pleasure on the marvellous horsemanship displayed by the team representing Canada at the Horse Show, Madison Square Gardens, New York.

The fact that Major Timmis won the Polish Challenge Cup is ample proof that he is an accomplished horseman and appropriate representative of Canada against the nations of the world. Capt. Bates and Capt. Hammond also gave a splendid exhibition.

I am looking forward to their reappearance next fall and in meantime

hope they keep up the good work for the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Yours, etc.,

Albert Martin, 21 2nd, Ave,
Bay Shore, L.L., N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Please excuse my neglect in not forwarding my subscription for "The Goat" before this, but it entirely escaped my memory. I promise to be up to date next time it is due, because I can assure you your valuable monthly is read from cover to cover by me and thoroughly enjoyed every edition having something in it that brings back old memories of the days spent in the R.C.D's.

In October's issue, I was very pleased indeed to learn that Mr. F. Powell, in his monthly talks on "Soldiering" remembers me, and I certainly remember Freddy Powell. I enjoyed a good laugh (and so did Mrs. McCutcheon) when we read about my notoriety as a gas n c.o. and I also remember the time, and believe me I experienced the same creepy feeling coming over me, as Mr. Powell did, when I got the word from "Newky" to pass along the order "every man to put his gas mask on."

But the other thing Mr. Powell mentions about the time I fell in the trench I remember better and I do remember saying things which certainly were not my prayers and said in Good Old Broad Scotch at That. I lost a new British Warm in that mud bath, for when I fell I had the coat over my arm (trying to keep it

clean as it was a new one and thinking of my next leave to Blighty) and of course the arm I was carrying it on was the one that got stuck in the mud and dirt up to the shoulder and burying my coat entirely, so I just left it there and told S.Q.M.S. "Paddy" Walsh when we got back to billets a nice fairy tale about its loss etc. Neverheed, all was fair in love and war then.

I think Mr. Powell's monthly editions "the goods" as most certainly they bring us close together to the good old times when we were comrades together; so please carry on the good work, Freddy.

I am pleased to say I am keeping in the best of health and spirits and still amongst the horses.

As I write these few lines on Arm-

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istice Day old times and memories seem closer to me, so please give my kind regards to all old comrades and best wishes to all old comrades

Yours sincerely,
(ex-Sgt. 817) Jimmie McCutcheon
L.M. & S. Rly. Stables
14 Germiston Street,
Glasgow, C.2 Scotland

Dear Sir.

I am, with great regret, enclosing for the information of all ranks of the R.C.D.'s an account of the tragic death of Sergt. G. L. Bull, late of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., in which he held the rank of Squadron Sergeant Major when the war broke out.

He had a most varied career and the writer served with him in both the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) and the Royal Canadian Dragoons and knew him perhaps more intimately than anyone in the Canadian Service. A great charm of manner was one of his characteristics, and he had the "insouciance" towards any untoward event, that is a trait of your true guardsman.

Poor John was as proud of his service with the R.C.D.'s as he was of that passed with the "Blues" and I am sure that his untimely end will be regarded with as much regret in one regiment as the other.

He was a thoroughly good soldier, a sportsman and a good comrade. If in his career, he had many vicissitudes, he will be mourned by all that knew him, and there are none but will agree that the heroic manner of his passing was entirely worthy of the highest traditions of the Imperial and Dominion forces.

He was buried at Windsor on the 15th November, military honours being accorded by the Berkshire Yeomanry (Royal Field Artillery, Territorial Army) in which unit he held the rank of Sergeant at the time of his death.

I received a wire which only reached me the evening before the funeral from ex-S.S. Cpl. Umney, who lives at Marlow, Bucks, asking me to attend, but as the notice was so short I was unable to respond, much as I should have liked to be present. It was, however, some consolation to know that Mr. Umney would be there to represent the regiment and I am sure that everyone in the R.C.D.'s who knew our dead comrade will thank Mr. Umney for doing what he could towards getting a representative Canadian party there.

Readers of "The Goat" who knew Hughie Blair and myself will be amused to hear that both of us are now in the milk business.

The way of it was that Hughie had been with the Express Dairy Company for some months when he met the writer. As he was perfectly well satisfied with his job and I was not, he, with all the generosity and willingness to help, that distinguishes ex-members of the Dominion Forces in this country, soon fixed things so that I "joined up" with the same company about two weeks later.

Up to date we are doing well and

often foregather to talk over old R.C.D. days—and nights.

He is seriously thinking of putting all the company's milkmaids through a course of equitation and wants me to take the milch cows in squadron and regimental drill.

We, in the old country, are eagerly awaiting the appearance in "The Goat" of the careers and photographs of some of the old-timers as promised by the editor in last month's issue: Colonel Nelles; General Emsley; General MacBrien; Mr. Leblond; Major Steer; Major Medhurst. Tich Travers; Major Widgery; "Fairy" Vennele; Major Stetham; present commanding officer; Major Timmis (again); the Editor, Major Kingsford, Col. D. D. Young and any amount more.

Come along, gentlemen, roll up and let the troops, hear from you.

F. J. DEBE,

9 Ainger Rd., London, N.W. 3.
England.

November, 19th 1927.

The G.O. has received the following letter from General Sir A. W. Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Commander of the Canadian Corps and Principal of McGill University. We are sure all ranks appreciate their former commander's interest in their journal:

From the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, McGill University, Montreal.

Principal and Vice-Chancellor:
Sir Arthur W. Currie, G.C.M.G.,
K.C.B.

November, 28th, 1927.

Major D. Bowle, D.S.O.,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Major Bowle:—

I am enclosing herewith a subscription for "The Goat."

I read the October number with considerable pleasure and believe such efforts as this should be encouraged.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) A. W. CURRIE

A newsboy was excitedly running down the village street at top speed when he met the mild and benevolent Vicar of the parish. "Have you heard the distressing news of the Dean who was found dead in a box, sir?" the boy asked. "No, the Vicar answered in surprise. "What Dean was it?" "Why, the sardine of course," was the quick reply, as the youth hastened away.

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MEMOIRS OF GENERAL DENISON.

Brig.-General S. A. Denison, C.M.G. has written his memoirs, from which the following anecdotes are taken:

"During the annual training camp of the militia in our command, at old Niagara-on-the-Lake, I was talking one morning to the brigadier of the cavalry brigade, the late Colonel Hamilton Merritt, when a young officer cantered past us, about a quarter of a mile away. I at once said to Merritt, 'Who in the world is that officer with a perfect seat?' On hearing the reply, 'I don't know,' I said, 'I soon will,' and cantered after and reached him just as he had dismounted at the lines of the Royal Canadian dragoons. I immediately said to him, 'Where did you learn to ride. In the Northwest Mounted Police,' he said. My next question was, 'What are you doing here?' and on being told that he had just been appointed to the Dragoons I said, 'I am glad to learn that they will now have, at least, one officer in that corps that can ride.' This officer is the present chief of the Canadian General Staff, General McBrien.

"After Last Post, somewhere in Flanders, a sentry challenged a party approaching his post and on receiving the reply, '42nd Highlanders,' said, 'Pass 42nd Highlanders, all's well.' On the approach of a second party, the reply came, '14th East Staffords,' to which the sentry said, 'Pass 14th East Staffords, all's well'; but when the third party arrived it, to the challenge, 'Halt, who goes there,' replied, 'What the hell has that got to do with you?' the sentry with commendable perception says, 'Pass Canadian, all's well.' "

"When General Simcoe came out to Canada in 1722, as governor of Upper Canada, (now Ontario), my great-grandfather, with his wife and children, accompanied him with the object of settling in the country.

"When at Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) at that time the capital of the province, General Simcoe decided to make the place now called Toronto the capital, and my forefather decided to settle there. The general was proposing to call this new town Dublin, when my progenitor promptly said, 'If you do, I can't live there, and on being asked what he would like it called, said, 'Call it York and I will end my days there with pleasure,' and he did."

"Commodore De Horsey while in Jamaica had a similar experience, in approaching a sentry without knowing the countersign. On telling the colored sentry at his sentry-box that he had forgotten it but that he was Commodore De Horsey, the sentry said, 'I don't care whether you are Commodore De Horsey or Commodore De Donkey you no know the counter sign in the box you go.' "

When you tell the truth, you don't have to remember what you said.

Some Thoughts on Mechanization.

The idea of mechanization as recognized and accepted in the British Army today is frequently associated with certain officers who, for a number of years, have been putting forward their views as to the slowness with which the changes have been brought about and at the same time expounding their theories as to how these changes should be effected.

All have been familiar with the cry that "the day of Cavalry is past" and later "Infantry will be replaced by Tanks" and now that definite changes are taking place, those officers, who have made themselves so conspicuous, are remarking "see what we have accomplished." All honour where honour is due, but it is felt by many that the men who have accomplished most have not been those who have done the most talking and writing and who have been given considerable prominence in the service journals and the press generally. It will be interesting for those who come after to view these changes impartially and be able to see who were the greatest workers and who accomplished most in this great work.

These writers would furthermore have us believe that they have wrought these changes in the face of tremendous opposition. Was this really been the case? True such writings have brought forth counter articles, some sound, but many of them weak and easy to refute; the authors in many cases being drawn out to expressing ideas which had not been carefully considered. For instance, a cavalryman would refer to the ability to advance against machine guns and rifle fire, citing instances where cavalry actually charged and captured the enemy's machine guns during the Great War, but he did not fully explain that such guns were more or less isolated, with little or no wire and that in the majority of such cases, the moral of the enemy was badly shaken.

The so-called opposition has not been met with from the Gunner and the Sapper because their lives have not been threatened and therefore even their greatest alarmists have not felt called upon to justify their existence.

Some of the so-called great advocates of mechanization have advanced the views that the British Army should already possess a comparatively large number of mechanized units and even a large Tank Corps fully equipped. Surely such reasoning can bear little weight, for the matter of expense and the fact that so much of the mechanization necessary for the Army is in the experimental stage, and will continue in that stage for years to come, is

so evident that it is clear that progress is bound to be slow.

Recently much more has been heard of bringing mechanization to the existing units rather than breaking up of units in order to make way for new mechanical units and in consequence the alarmists are not nearly so frequently heard because there is something being done to bring their units up to-date rather than to wipe them out of existence.

The great characteristic of the Army of the future, as pictured today, is Mobility and no soldier is going to take exception to having his unit made more mobile. No infantryman is going to complain in regard to being saved the fatigue of long, dirty and tiring marches or being protected by armoured plate against rifle fire and shell splinters; neither is any true cavalryman, with the characteristic love for his horse, going to fail to appreciate the saving of his faithful friend from the hardships and consequent suffering due to long patrols day after day, often exposed to most trying climatic conditions and on short rations when these patrols can be carried out in machines, be they in the air or on the ground. True, all things being equal, the cavalryman would much prefer to ride on a horse than in a machine but the horse will still maintain an important place at least as the great teacher of the very first principles of mobility to the young officer and many recruits.

Another feature is the tremendous factor which helps in building up fighting efficiency and all that pertains to it, namely esprit de corps and unit traditions. These have been so evident in the British Army for centuries that one cannot fail to grasp the great importance of retaining and fostering them both within units and by the Service as a whole and even in the cases where it is impossible to bring about the necessary changes and in consequence, way has to be made for completely new units, much can be done to carry forward the esprit de corps and traditions by linking the new units with the old ones in such a way as to carry forward the histories which stand for so much.

To the soldier of the British Army his regiment is his home and that to any Britisher is sacred and although the British are not a sentimental nation yet a certain amount of consideration at the right moment and from the right quarter will make all the difference between great extremes.

SOME JOB

Misses Clara Sauer, Pearl Shearer, Beulah Jertson and Golda Burns, with Mr. Sverdrup Sheldon, as chaperon, camped at Wildwood Lake several days last week—U.S. Paper.

Money talks, but it takes a lot of it to talk turkey nowadays.

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If you are at the front, you have two alternatives: Either you are in reserve or you are on the fighting line. If you are in reserve you have nothing to worry about.

If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives: Either you scrap or you don't. If you don't you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives: Either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives: Either you get slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slightly hurt, you have nothing to worry about.

If badly, you have two alternatives: Either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever.

Look not upon the wine when it is red. Drink gin.

TOO GOOD TO BE DRUNK

Sergeant Sings to Court-Martial To Obtain His Freedom

MRS. RILEY AND HER PIGS!

ALDERSHOT, Tuesday.—By singing a comic song at a Court Martial at Aldershot to-day a sergeant of the Royal Ulster Rifles cleared his character and the case against him was dismissed.

It appears that the jovial sergeant was in the mess one night singing a comic song and pulling comical faces, when the Sergt.-Major came in, and placed him under arrest on a charge of being drunk, and that was the subject of the charge to-day.

The sergeant denied he was drunk, or that he had been drinking, and his solicitor urged that his comical face while singing probably gave a false impression of his condition.

The court assented to the solicitor's plea that they hear the sergeant sing, and form their own opinion.

The sergeant then sang a song concerning an Old Mrs. Riley taking pigs to market, and he pulled such funny faces that the court was convulsed, and it was promptly decided to dismiss the charge.

Swain, (reproachfully): "Where were you yesterday?"

Girl: "I went to the Zoo—but I was thinking of you all the time, dear."—Passing Show.

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THE BLOOD FEUD

By Norman Reilly Raine

Illustrated by De Alton Valentine

Von Strolch, of the Pomeranian Guards, bent low on the fire step to light a cigarette between closely cupped palms.

Dietz, his company second in command, reached out a warning hand.

"Be careful, Herr Captain! Our friends across the way are good at pot shots."

His senior chuckled. "Not they The English have gone. They were relieved last night by the little dark men from India; Gurkhas, they are called. They do not love the British raj, those natives. Nein! For three years I was in India—for commercial reasons, of course." He laughed again shortly. "I know them well; their language also, and their very thoughts. They will not bother us much. You are nervous tonight, Paul. Listen. How quiet they are!"

The two officers stood motionless. Earth dribbled from the parapet to the trench mat, making a tiny cata-ract of sound. Up Armentières way the mutter of the guns ebbed and waned. A solitary field battery slammed behind the German lines and the shells whirled far overhead to scatter a ration party at a distant crossroad. Somewhere along the sector a trench mortar popped off. The staccato lash of a sniper's bullet whipped across the sandbags. That was all.

A point of amusement again lit Von Strolch's eyes. "You see?" he smiled. "Eile mit Weile—not too fast," Dietz reminded him soberly. "It is not yet midnight, and I do not like this quiet. It is not natural. I am going to have a look about."

"Trouble wears a long nose; but do what you like, so long as I am not disturbed. I am going to company headquarters dugout for more sleep. Have me called at two o'clock."

His tall shadow melted into the gloom of the communication trench.

Dietz remounted the fire step and raised his helmet cautiously above the parapet. An enemy flare soared in a trailing arc and plopped, lighting up the ground with pallid brilliance. Dietz did not stir, but his eyes took in every detail of the ugly strip of earth between their own and the British lines a little more than a hundred yards away; shell holes filled with stinking water; the hobnailed sole of an empty boot; a wire-hung rag of khaki, flapping in the night breeze that rustled the long dry weeds. As the flare died he stood suddenly upright in an effort to draw fire or some other manifestation of life. No sound or stir rewarded him. Nothing.

"Von Strolch was right, perhaps," he muttered as he stood once more on the floor of the trench, but the trained soldier in him would be satisfied with nothing short of certain-



The Prisoner Remained Stubbornly Silent, Arms Straining Against the Grip of Two Burly Riflemen.

ty. He sent a runner for the company sergeant major, and when he arrived issued crisp orders in a low tone. The sergeant major made a round of the sentries, keying them up.

A runner stumbled down the steps of the company headquarters dugout. Von Strolch, instantly awake, jumped out of his chicken-wire bunk. Even forty feet below the ground and behind the front line it was plain that something murderous was on. Machine guns hammered, rifles cracked and bursting hand grenades gave their familiar metallic whine. The captain pushed the safety catch of his automatic. The runner, breathing hard, pulled himself up and saluted like an automaton.

"What is it?" the officer snapped.

"Enemy raid, Herr Captain. They past the outposts got, into a trap that the Oberleutnant had prepared for them, and —"

Before he had finished, Von Strolch was halfway up the steps. He cursed as he scraped his shin against the doorway coaming at the top and stumbled along the trench. The air was acrid with shell fumes and cordite, and the ground shook with short, vicious gun bursts as the German artillery retaliation plastered the enemy position. Flares soared frantically, yellow and red and green.

The bombing had ceased, but two or three enemy shells exploded over the parapet, showering him with dirt. A sound as of heavy wooden boxes clattered together told him that shrapnel was breaking over the front line. That, too, ceased, and in a momentary lull Von Strolch heard violent altercation. He broke into a run and, turning the corner of a bay, came upon what looked like a dog fight in the fire trench. Four or five of his men, cramped in a corner of a traverse, were on the ground

trying to disarm a British officer and a large Gurkha.

They were secured at last and hauled to their feet, the Gurkha fighting like a maniac, biting, scratching, gouging, kicking savagely with his bare feet, and the white man's shoulders bursting through the seams of his tunic in mad frenzy to resist capture. Dietz, who had wrested the British subaltern's pistol from him, stood back, dark, watchful, stemmning the flow from a gashed forehead.

"What happened, Paul?" Von Strolch asked.

"What I expected," the other replied laconically. "I knew that such unnatural quiet meant something, so I had a gap opened in our wire and placed flanking posts. These fine fellows walked right into it. Three we killed, and captured these two. The others got away and dragged their casualties with them."

The party ducked and crouched as shrapnel burst overhead. When they straightened, Von Strolch faced the Britisher, annoyed at the unexpected vindication of Dietz's judgment. The subaltern was slightly built; hardly more than a schoolboy. His face was set and pallid with rage and humiliation.

"What is your name?" the Pomeranian asked in English.

The prisoner remained stubbornly silent, arms straining against the grip of two burly riflemen. Von Strolch reached forward and smacked him with his open palm across the face.

"Don't be sulky, you young dog. What is your name?"

There was another sudden violent struggle, in which Von Strolch himself was involved. He emerged disheveled, with a torn shoulder cord, and again the prisoners were overpowered. They were spent but un-subdued. Von Strolch tried again.

"Answer me now! You are a cap-

tive, and to be nasty will do you no good," he growled, with hard eyes. "I will not hesitate to shoot you, remember."

"G-go to hell!" the youngster replied. "You'll g-get n-n-n-nothing out of m-me!"

"Very well. I will teach you sense later on." Von Strolch turned to the native: "What is your regiment?"

The Gurkha glanced at his officer. "Chup raho!" the subaltern commanded.

The native closed his lips.

"Take them to headquarters. We will try a different method of coaxing," Von Strolch ordered curtly, and turned to lead the way. Before he could take a step the officer prisoner wrenched himself free and jumped upon him, fighting for his pistol. They clattered to the bottom of the trench and the Pomeranian, using his superior weight, ground his knee into the captive's groin. Then he rose to his feet and watched the other stagger upright, dizzy with pain. The guards made for him, but Von Strolch waved them back.

"Let him come on," he growled, his eyes black with passion.

Dietz, who saw what was coming, moved to interfere. He was too late. The Englishman, finding himself unhindered, sprang forward, and Von Strolch fired from the hip.

Von Strolch turned to Dietz, who did not trouble to hide his contempt: "It was unfortunate. He was a brave young man, yes; but foolish. I was compelled—" He straightened abruptly. "Search him for identification and bring his personal effects to me. Then detail a burial party. Secure the little savage and come along."

Candlelight brought out the hard bold lines of Von Strolch's face as he faced his prisoner in the headquarters dugout. As he questioned he played, curiously, with a heavy curved chopping knife—the deadly kukri of the Gurkha soldier. The native, between two stolid guardsmen, his skirted tunic ripped and earth-stained, was well past middle age, short and thickset, with shoe-button eyes that glittered without expression in his broad parchment colored Mongolian countenance. He showed neither emotion nor interest.

"What is your name?"

"Ganesh Lal, sahib."

"Your regiment?"

The prisoner's shoulders lifted. "Hamari sir men dard hai, sahib. There is a pain in my head. I cannot think."

The Pomeranian drew his pistol from its holster. "I have here a cure for headaches. You have seen how effective it is. What is your regiment?"



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"The First Nepal Rifles, sahib."
"When did you enter the trenches?"
"Four days, have gone—"
"Jhuth mat bolo! Don't tell lies!"
The Gurkha shrugged his shoulders.
"Lo, I am a poor man, sahib, and
have many children."

"You came in yesterday evening.
You see? The German-log knows
everything; so be careful."

The prisoner remained impassive.
Von Strolich studied him for a mi-
nute in silence. Then he leaned for-
ward. There no longer was menace
in his voice.

"I have been to your country, Ga-
nesh Lall, and have talked with your
people. You are mighty fighters, but
so is the German-log. Therefore
we should be friends. Be honest
with me and you shall not suffer
harm. This war is none of your
doing, and I may perhaps let you go
free with a message to your comra-
des. Money and land shall be theirs
if they do what I say."

Behind his inscrutable eyes, Ganesh
Lall saw two things: he saw a tiny
Nepalese village, hidden in the folds
of the snow-capped Himalayas, with
wood smoke rising in the winelike
air, and goats and children—his chil-
dren—playing among the hillside
bowlders; and he saw, at the bottom
of a muddy trench, the bloody crum-
pled body of his officer. But what
Ganesh Lall thought about these
things no man can say.

"Truly, there is honey in thy mouth,
sahib; but I cannot do this thing for
I have eaten the king's salt."

"Do you then so love Jarj Panjam
—George the Fifth? How fare your
children, and their father about to
die in a foreign land?"

"A goat gives of its milk, sahib. A
soldier is born to die. I am a sold-
ier, and but one of many."

"Are you and your fellows slaves,
too, that you should be dragged from
your own sunny homes to die for
Englishmen in the wet?"

"Nahin, sahib. We are men and
the sons of warriors."

"Yet you obey the striplings of an
alien race, like that stuttering young
fool I killed tonight."

"Had the Pomeranian taken the trou-
ble to be observant he might have
noticed the tiny pulse that began to
beat, beat, at the corner of the Gur-
kha's jaw. There was no other sign."

"Collins sahib was a boy and his
tongue stuttered. His courage did
not stutter. We followed him,"
said Ganesh Lall simply.

"He was not brave; he was fool-
hardy—and he was a symbol of your
bondage. With the German-log you
would fight or not, as you pleased—
your own masters. It is for you to
say."

Ganesh Lall's eyes flashed suddenly
lustrous then the lids dropped. "I
am ready, sahib," he murmured.
"What would you have me do?"

"And so," related Ganesh Lall even-
ly to his brothers in arms an hour
later, as they crouched around a bra-
zier in the Gurkha lines, "this foul-



Ganesh Lall held out the Dull-Glistening Pieces for Inspection, and Ejaculations and a Whispering Half Sigh Went Around.

bellied pariah, this slayer of Collins
sahib whom my wife, his amah, nurs-
ed at her breast, and to whom as a
boy I taught the five soldierly pre-
cepts, took from his purse three
pieces of gold. And he gave them to
me and he spake thus: 'Ganesh Lall,
return to your brothers, with this gold
as witness of the faith of the German-
log. For each information you
bring to me you shall have more, and
for each of your brothers who joins
us, an equal amount.'

Ganesh Lall held out the dull glis-
tening pieces for inspection, and eja-
culations and a whispering half sigh
went around.

"Aiye-e! And what said you then,
O Ganesh Lall?" broke out young
Krishana Parta eagerly, for he was
keen, and unschooled in the councils
of war.

"Still thy clack, little cockerel!" the
old tribesman reproved with out
heat. "Then, said I to the German-
log, 'It shall be as you say, hazur, for
truly we are weary of fighting the
battles of these English pigs. Of
what avail is it to battle if one may
not loot?' And so a password was ar-
ranged and the time is the morrow,
when there is no moon. Are ye co-
vetous, followers of Collins sahib, who
was our father and our son? (Would
you, too, feel the gold of the German-
log?"

At the question an understanding
grin passed about the circle.

The smallpox-pitted face of Jogun-
dra Sur, who was a terrible hill fight-
er in his own country, and lacked all
the virtues except courage, beamed
with joy. He fingered his kukri in
its leather sheath.

"Thou art thirsty, little glutton?"
he crooned. Then aloud: "It is a
blood feud, Ganesh Lall?"

The old fighting man rose to his
feet, his face grim in the dawn. He,
too, fingered the haft of his kukri.

"It is a blood feud, wold of the Hi-
malayas," he said.

All day it rained steadily, and
when night fell the leaden pall hast-
ened the dark. The trenches were a
quagmire which sucked men ankle
deep, and the constantly crumbling
trenches burst through their revet-
tings and kept working parties grum-
bling and miserable. Dietz, glum and
taciturn, splashed endlessly about the

company front, inspecting his posi-
tion. From time to time he consult-
ed the luminous dial of his watch.
Men cursed his restlessness and
guarded themselves against his dour
humor, preferring Von Strolich with
his careless forthrightness and lack
of nerves. The sullen mutter of the
guns was deadened by the rain, and
a fine, penetrating vapor, damp and
cold like a Scotch mist, hugged every
sheltered nook and crevice of the sod-
den trenches. Presently Dietz took
shelter in a funk hole under the pa-
rapet, out of the direct downpour,
and lit a cigarette. Von Strolich
joined him, his face red and cheerful
with something besides the rain and
the cold.

"What a queer fellow you are, Paul,"
he chaffed. "Stopping out here,
when you might be warm and com-
fortable within. What have we a
sergeant major for, eh? Prowling
about so, you give him nothing to do.
From Douai this afternoon, we receiv-
ed two cases of excellent—"

Dietz cut him short.

"Do you think he will come?"

"Eh? Who? Oh, the native? Of
course he will!" Von Strolich said
testily, put out by the other's brusque-
ness. Then he rubbed his hands
and his good humor returned. "Ah,
this weather! Often we have cursed
the rain, you and I, eh?—but for this
purpose it could not be better. How
they hate the cold and wet, those
little savages. They are, understand
me, lively and even dangerous fellows
in an attack, although to my mind
they have been overrated. They are
said to be implacable and fanatic
when their enmity is aroused, though,
equally faithful as friends. That was
a lucky thought of mine last night,
I must say; and now the rain has
o'ined it. To sit still in the rain-
filled trenches under our artillery
fire hour after hour, with nothing to
do but think! Then they know the
futility of the quarrel into which they
have been forced. It takes the very
heart out of them. By the way, I
noticed this afternoon that the Stras-
sel Graben was four feet deep with
water, and now it is dry. How did
you get rid of it?"

"It was simple; we are on higher
ground," Dietz growled. "I sent a
working party out after dark and
drained it into the enemy trenches."

"Excellent! Splendid! That should
out the finishing touch!" Von Strolich
exclaimed. "They are but animals
after all, as you shall see. He should
be here now."

"He may have trouble getting
through his own lines."

"They are serpents those Gurkhas
though they seem so stupid. They
are the best scouts on earth, and
strike like cobras. You warned the
sentries to expect—"

There was a sudden stir and a
slight splash beside them. Startled,
both officers leaped to their feet.

"Salaam, sahib!" Ganesh Lall stood
before them, teeth chattering, mud-
caked and soaked to the skin.

"I did not bother your sentries, sa-

hib," he murmured apologetically. "It was quickest this way, and I did not want undue firing to give the alarm. There is need for haste. In a half hour to our lines comes a divisional commander with his chief of staff—truly a burra sahib—to inspect our trenches, for a deluge hath descended upon us and well-nigh flooded us out. Our trenches are a quaking bog, and though the mighty ones may get up, they will not find it so easy to get back—*if* you are prompt. A swift raid—in and out like ghosts—and they are yours. My brothers shiver in the mud like dogs upon a mountain top. I fear, too, they have mud in the breeches of their rifles and will be unable to shoot."

"Where is your battalion headquarters?" asked Von Strolch.

"Ganesh Lall chafed a bare ankle with his muddy foot.

"Here, sahib, is a machine-gun emplacement; there, the communication trench leading back"—and rapidly the Gurkha described the disposition of the opposing position. It checked accurately with what the Pomeranians already knew. He concluded:

"You will not need to bombard before you come, sahib. Our sentries cannot see, nor can they hear, for the cold and the rain." He halted and his eyes shone avidly in the gloom. "And now, sahib, I, Ganesh Lall, who have served you faithfully and whom poverty hath for a bedfellow—"

Money chinked in the dark, and Ganesh Lall sprang like a cat upon the parapet. They could not hear the sound of his going.

Dietz broke into expostulation. "Surely, Herr Captain, you are not going to act on such a wild—"

"Tut-tut! Don't be a fool, Paul! Cannot you see the man is genuine? I tell you, I know these people. And think what he said—a divisional general and his chief of staff! That should please the high command. Orders Pour le Mérite have been awarded for less."

"So has *requiescat in pace*," returned Dietz soberly. "What are you going to do?"

"Send a small party out to test the enemy sentries. If they report favorably we will raid. Make haste now! Fifty men! Have them detailed by the sergeant major, with the necessary N.C.O.'s. You will command, with Muller and Dieboldt to help. I am going to get in touch with battalion. The major will be elated. Get the party assembled and I'll issue final instructions."

With squelching boots and whispered admonitions the raiding party gathered in the rain under the fire-trench parapet while two narrow lanes were cut in their wire to allow them egress. Then, on the word of command, they filed through, moving blobs against the pouring blackness of the night, the rain pouring in rivulets from their humped backs. With bayonets fixed and mud-smeared against the reflection of a chance light, they moved forward beyond the ken of Von

Strolch's anxious eyes, and dissolved into the curtain of dark.

An occasional enemy flare sputtered heavenward, outlining the scene in ghastly, shimmering radiance, then died. At such times the raiders stood like stone. They were veterans of the trenches and knew how to proceed.

Twenty yards from the Gurkha wire Dietz again sent scouts forward to the British listening posts. They reported all quiet, and the raiders crept on, wire cutters in the lead. Dietz, his finger on the trigger of his automatic, his thumb on the safety catch, tried to ignore the beating of his heart. As they grew closer, however, and no alarm was given, his misgiving began to give way to a grudging admission that perhaps Von Strolch was right. The never-ceasing hiss of the rain drowned the lesser slips and splashes, and they approached a darker ground belt that was the enemy wire. Then a man stumbled over a trip cord and fell heavily.

Instantly the ground was flooded with a startling greenish-white illumination that picked out the raiders like a theatrical spotlight. Strung on the trip cord were a half dozen automatic sulphuric-acid and chlorate-of potash flares. A single crimson artillery rocket sighed skyward and the British batteries cut loose. Mud flew under the impact of a hurricane of high explosive shells as they dropped a curtain of death behind the raiders, and from in front the spitting snouts of waiting machine guns traversed them with lead. They could neither go forward nor retreat. They were trapped.

Dietz, shouting in a vain effort to rally his men, who were being swept away by the hail of bullets like smoke wreaths before a gale, went down with a piece of shrapnel in the spine. Muller had been killed in the first burst, and Dieboldt, lost in the dreadful confusion and badly hit, was drowning in a shell hole. The remnant of the raiders, under a sergeant did the only thing brave men could do. They charged the Gurkha trench. But the parapet was lined with pantherlike figures, silent, terrible, with parchment faces, who leaped to meet them, swinging their deadly kukris.

Stunned by the catastrophe and forced to take cover from the avalanche of shell-fire that flattened the parapet and turned the fire trench into an unspeakable morass, Von Strolch somehow managed to shoot off the signal for retaliation fire to his batteries, and the German guns in turn pounded the Gurkha trenches, while the tribesmen, shivering and half drowned, but grimly content, lay in safety in the shell holes fifty yards to the rear of their pulverized front line and jeered. The artillery fire died away. The machine guns ceased to chatter. Only the rain and the dripping weeds and the rising wind that bit like a lance.

Toward dawn a lone survivor of the

raid tumbled into the travesty of the Pomeranian front line, babbling an incoherent story of a brown devil who had pressed something into his fist and pushed him out of the mêlée in the direction of his own lines. Von Strolch, thinking of nothing but his butchered raiders and of Dietz's still, clay-spattered face turned to the streaming sky, stared dully down at the survivor's muddy palm. It contained two gold coins. The blood feud was on.

With approach of winter the trenches were bogged, but an occasional day of sunlight and high wind cheered the deadlocked fighters and relieved the drab monotony of trench life. Such a day marked the return to the line of the Pomeranian Guards. With casualties replaced and confidence restored, Von Strolch marched in at the head of his company; and as the band played the battalion to the communication trench leading to the front line and the veterans got under cover until dark, his heart was light, and he hoped, audibly, that the Pomeranians would find themselves opposite Ganesh Lall and his Gurkhas. He no longer held illusions as to the part the tribesman had played in the debacle, and he was keen to even the score. After night-fall the relief was completed and the battalion settled down to the old familiar routine.

In mid-afternoon of the first day a stentorian bellow in an English county voice came from the enemy lines:

"Hi, there, Fritz! Are you 'ungry? Here's some iron rations for yer then!" and a small hard object hurtled across the wire and landed with a thump on the bottom of the Pomeranian trench. The garrison scattered and dropped, waiting breathless for the explosion. It did not come. One by one the guardsmen raised themselves. An under-officer stumped around a corner of the traverse and was told what had occurred. He waited a minute longer, then entered the bay and picked up the missile. It was a sealed container bearing a colored label and the words "Fray Bentos—a harmless tin of British bully beef."

"It is all right," he reassured. "This is but a joke of the English swine. They thought to frighten us, or to make friends, perhaps. Here! We too shall have our little jest," and procuring a ring of liver sausage, he sent it sailing like a quail into the British trench.

"Merci, Fritz," the same drop voice responded. "We'll send you more tomorrow."

That night Von Strolch heard about the incident and strafed his men for fraternizing. But on the morrow, at the same hour, two more tins soared across and were pounced upon. It was a pleasant change of diet, and thanks were returned. On the third day, and the fourth, when the expected tin dropped into the trench, an increasing number of the Pomeranians scrambled for possession.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, when the welcome gift arrived, a half



"Salaam Sahib!" Ganesh Lall stood before them, Teeth Chattering, Mud-Caked and Soaked to the skin.

score of joking, scuffling guardsmen threw themselves upon it like a Rugby scrimmage. It burst—filled with shrapnel and high explosive—and the Pomeranian trench was a shambles.

Whistles were blown frantically for the stretcher bearers, but before they reached the scene another tin struck the parapet and rolled to the trench mat. It was not sealed and it did not explode, and when it was opened by an ordnance officer whose unpleasant job it was to investigate such things, it was found to contain rubble to give it weight, and two gold coins. The Gurkhas were back in the line.

Von Strolch was jumpy and irritable, and as he paced headquarters dugout, his nerves screwed tense as wires, caused him to start at every sound. The chaffing of his fellow officers drew only surly monosyllables, and presently they shrugged and left him alone. He was cracking, and they knew it. His stolid, methodical mind, sound and well-informed in the conventional ways of war, could not compass the thing that had come upon him. The vicious enmity apparent whenever they found themselves opposing the Gurkhas had more than the suggestion of a personal quarrel. The return of the coins carried a message unmistakable. It told him, beyond quibble, that the little tribesmen had it in for him individually, and the coins remaining unpaid were a constant and deadly threat.

Such tactics, he felt, had no place on the Western Front. Life in the trenches was muddy horror enough, without the injection of such savagery. He did not understand it, and so did not know how to meet it. Bombardment did no good. The Gurkhas simply climbed out of their trenches, took cover in scattered shell holes and let the German guns hammer away. They suffered few casualties and derived infinite amusement from the game. A raid in force was useless. The tribesmen had the ears and smelling power of jungle animals and in addition, the ground between the lines was wholly theirs. They patrol-

led at night like leopards, as quiet and as deadly, and regardless of weather, and kept the Pomeranians in a constant state of nerves. Outposts had been butchered revoltingly and without sound. Sentries had been dragged over the very parapet and dawn had shown them, hanging like limp scare-crows, in their own wire. None knew at what hour the little brown men would descend in swift and murderous foray. Tonight it was raining again, and Von Strolch looked forward to a little respite for himself and his weary men. But he could not be sure—that was the ner-

ve-racking part of it—and he was wrapped in a profound depression which nothing could shake.

Buckling on his waterproof cape, he left the dugout. The rain and wind smote him and, after the foggy atmosphere of the dugout, chilled him through. He sought out the unappreciative company sergeant major and with him toured his front, checking up the sentries. They visited the outposts and listening posts, crawling on hands and knees through the mud and the wet, stinking weeds. Sump holes were flooded and there was a foot of water in the trenches. He had working parties out, revetting, filling sandbags, strengthening weak points in the parapet, reinforcing machine-gun emplacements and enfilading points, keying up his men, keeping his mind busy and stifling fear. Still not satisfied, he dragged the disgusted sergeant major out to the wire in front of their position and had it strung with improvised alarms; but these clattered and belled in every gust of wind and bedeviled the sentries, so he had then pulled in again, and was forced to rely upon alert senses alone to warn of danger. Something of his mood was communicated in intangible fashion to his men, and there were lifted eyebrows in the dark when he had passed, and a muttered comment of a kind that presaged demoralization of discipline in sudden emergency. At last the working parties retired, with sump holes clear and drainage restored. He had an extra supply of hand grenades moved up into the front line, and when that was reported done, felt better.

At two in the morning the rain ceased. A half hour later an excited runner reported to Von Strolch, who had gone to his dugout to snatch a few minutes of uneasy sleep, that every sign of enemy activity along the company front had stopped. There was no noise, no firing, no flares going up. Drunk with fatigue he stumbled from his bunk, stomach quivering with nervous anticipation.

"Tell the sergeant major to redouble his vigilance," he ordered wearily. "Have a flare sent up every two minutes."

Sick with apprehension he trudged through the muck to the front line. His junior officers were at their posts, uneasy and expectantly watchful. He dispatched a message to battalion, outlining the situation and the commanding officer and asking that necessary arrangements be made for artillery support in case of attack. Far to the right and the left, off their own frontage, were the usual laissez-faire half-hearted hostilities which settle upon the trenches in the early morning hours. But in front, as the runner had said, was dark and utter stillness. The plop of his own flares made him start, and he took a position in a sniper's post from which he could watch the ground in front. Its hideousness showed in

(Continued on page 17)

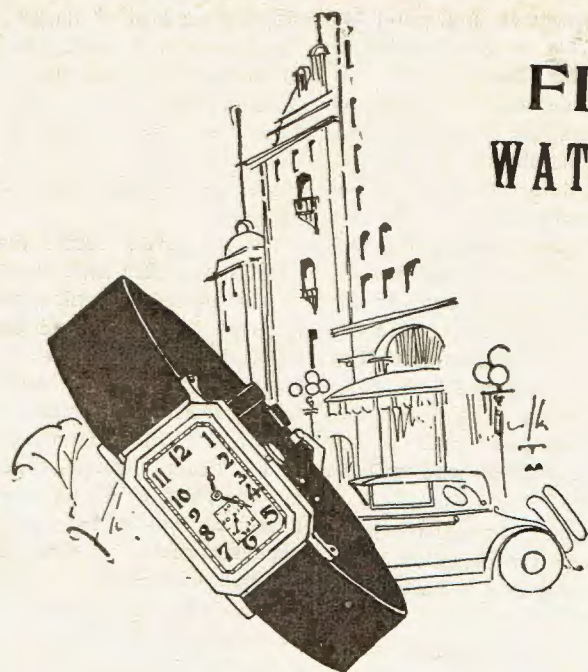
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(Continued)

(By F. W. Powell.)

Our time as Infantrymen is getting short. Taken all round it has been rather pleasant, but, cavalrymen like myself, (shut up, don't be funny) never did take kindly to foot-slogging. I am simply dying to get aboard a horse. Soon, will I be satisfied. Rumours just fly around. Every minute a fresh one is born. We are moving to-morrow. How do I know? Jimmy Pierface heard the major telling his groom so. Is that so, well the next day for sure. We grow pale under the uncertainty. Are we, after all, to be Infantrymen for the duration? Fearful prospect. Comes at the last great day. It is Wednesday, the 26th of January. Very early are we on the move. Blankets be rolled in bundles of 10 or twelve or twenty by pack emma. In the performance of this order much unpleasantness has arisen between the men and their section commanders, who, so very often, carry their zeal farther than necessary. Mine own particular S.C. fails to see the necessity for placing extra kit, souvenirs and such like amongst the bundles of ten or twelve or twenty. Matter of fact he absolutely forbids any such departure from K.R. and O. whatever that is. Just the same slip it over him to a

limited extent. He is unconscious of the fact that all are satisfied. Recollect the time we had to be ready? Pack emma. It is half past one before we move off. No comments, please. Oh! we go down the Neuve Eglise road, and now we are at last actually moving, the parting is not as pleasant as we anticipated. We have grown accustomed to this part of the Western Front, we have mixed with men of our own Country; now, are we to be attached to the 3rd Imperial Division of Cavalry, and the change is not of necessity to be for the best. Anyway, what's the difference? At Stecnewek station we find our train de luxe parked on a siding. Each pullman is painted red. Upon the sliding doors appears in white letter, by now familiar device, "8 Chevaux au 30 Hommes" Accordingly about 40 of us are piled into each truck. For some obscure reason friend Newky finds it necessary to curb my high spirits. Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt. So it does. Knowing the man I am able to bear his expression of continual disapproval with a commendable fortitude. Throughout the night as we travel by way of Calais, Boulogne and Abbeville. We de-train at 5 a.m. at Tully our destination

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Too dark to see much but the outlook appears quite bright. Our section is billeted in an empty house. Sleep on the tiled floor. No, not as bad as you would expect. Thanks just the same for your expression of sympathy. To-morrow will we pinch or purchase some straw. The former method most probably. Although tired we are up and about with the coming of daylight to investigate the position. Tully is a great place.

Several estaminets are already prepared to satisfy our wants. Besides these unholy places are several epiceries, a boulangerie and all sorts of comforting prospects for the near future. Then again the war is millions of miles away, far enough to be forgotten. B. Sqn. and H.Q. are located at Bethencourt. Other details in near-by village and the Straths in a place that is really a continuation of Tully for the houses continue all the way along the road separating the two. Just a few miles away is the sea. Gle-or-ious. Better still is the flourishing town of Eu just over there across the fields. Eu is up to the minute. Electric trams and all that sort of luxury. What a terrible thing is active service. They think us heroes and here we are as safe as if we remained in Canada. My first impression of Cavalry is most pleasing. Am sure I shall like it. Poor boob, I'll know better shortly. Horse seem to be considered unnecessary for none are in evidence. This loss is not felt by me at all. Don't care if they never appear.

[Much of the spice is taken from the gingerbread after the first muster parade. Why must those in authority over us always find it necessary to kill all our joys? We were so happy until hearing the reading of the riot act by the O.C. He says we are going to soldier in earnest .. we've got to polish up, got to train like the very devil and make ourselves efficient cavalrymen.. unless we are temperate in our habits the estaminets

will be closed and the adjoining villages place out of bounds. It is up to ourselves. Play the game and we'll enjoy it. Otherwise, one would be better dead. We've got to watch our steps. We will, we vow. At least we intend to be very good but you know how things happen. Some day will we flop but at the moment really intend keeping within the bounds of decency and temperance. Hang the girls. What if they are pleasing to the eye and the taste. We'll have none of 'em. Get thee behind me, woman. What if the beer is so vile that one must resort to the red and white wine of the country .. we shall never take too much of it for it is verily sinful to drink until one loveth all men even unto his sergeant. Besides that self same wine is not very far removed from vinegar and few men indulge freely in the use of it as a beverage. The rum now, is another matter. Very good and most potent. Here must we go carefully. No excesses. No, indeed, none.

This is how we decide things between ourselves. We shall be exemplary soldiers. Matter of fact this does not seem at all like soldiering. It is even better than barracks in England. Great old war this. With not a horse to destroy the harmony of our existence it is indeed a lovely war and you can bet we're going to make the most of it. Orders shall be obeyed to the latter. There will be no cause for complaint.

The natives are glad to have us in their midst. The female portion more than the male, I must say, for they, (the males) are not madly enthusiastic over our coming. What care we. As long as the female population proves itself so pliable and so obliging we can manage to forego the companionship of the males who are either very old or very young. The men are away at the war. Their wives tell us their troubles and we do our best to give consolation. In fact we are very generous in this respect. Madame, of our billet, did not let her grief for her prisoner husband mar, in anyway, her ideas of

life as it should be lived. She was oldish, toothless and quite unbeautiful, but did these faults prove a handicap? Not a bit of it. By a free-handed bestowal of favours she made herself so popular that she had all the gentleman friends she could conveniently accommodate. Nice old girl was Madame Yvonne. Her house became a most popular rendez-vous for the gallants of C Sqn, R.C.D's.

Without horses it was hardly possible to do much in the way of training. For the first day or two we did nothing much save make friends with the villagers. We worked a little, drank a little, loved a little and suffered not at all. If war is nothing but this it can continue indefinitely. We have nothing to worry about for are not Lance Corporals created for this sole mission. We are practically as free as we were in civilian life. Of course one has to be in at night for roll call but what is to prevent excursions abroad after that formality. The estaminets must close at a certain hour, but where's the hardship when nearly every house in the village dispenses what men need? What if some of the N.C.O's. do try their damndest to collar all the sweets for themselves? There are more than enough to go round. We were very happy those first few days in Tully. There is a fly in the ointment, sad to relate. We must not forget we are cavalrymen. This period of happiness passes giving place to several years of annoyance. The cause? Those whom men of feeble intellect designate as, "Long faced chums." Now for the dirty work.

Mount.

Am ignorant of just how it came about but we suddenly found ourselves in the possession of horses formerly of the 17th Lancers. Regular old timers who were right on their job.

Simultaneously one remarked a difference in the bearing of the senior N.C.O's. These blighters were com-

ing into their own and we were to appreciate the fact. Once again must one suffer the indignity of those damned riding schools. We retain our slacks. Breeches have not yet been issued. This will be good. Slacks are not a bit comfortable for riding. They creep up the leg despite all precautions and a man cannot do so well when he knows he is showing a goodly expanse of none too-clean flesh to the general public. Still, because we are cavalymen we submit to everything with a commendable fortitude, even if one cannot but wish some of the instructors were now where they must eventually reside. Riding school takes all that foolish conceit out of a man. Matter of fact he finds himself wondering if he is really a man at all. He enters the school rather fancying himself as a horseman, but leaves with the sad realization that he is good for absolutely nothing. He is nothing but a bad bargain. Far better for the country if he would go to some quiet place and die. These instructors certainly spread themselves. After a personal heart-to-heart talk with one there is only one desire left. To crawl in a hole and die. That's all. What else is left, anyway? One is so hopelessly stupid that there is the ever-present danger of the instructor going off into a fit of convulsions and dying right on the spot. They, (Instructors in general,) froth at the mouth, use language quite unsuitable to the occasion .. slang not only ourselves but all our kin .. desire us to accomplish what impossible horses render hopeless — rage because of this natural circumstance .. shriek out orders in a dead language and because we fail to interpret correctly call on deity to bear witness to their martyrdom .. shrivel us up with biting satire and on top of it all wonder at our lack of love for them. It is to laugh.

Friend "Hoppy" it was who did his best to make me a horseman. If he failed in this respect the fault lies with me alone. As an instructor he is all that one desires. On every occasion would he display all the tricks of the trade. Being more stubborn than stupid, I received many bouquets from the hand of Hoppy, and, strange as it may seem, I received them gladly. I received much satisfaction from seeing him rage, storm and burn. It was most difficult to compel one of these trained horses to misinterpret an order but with patience I succeeded. With the rest of the faithful circling right or some other fatheaded thing, I would intrude into the spot-light by going straight on. Hoppy loved this sort of thing. He lived on it. Generally he would halt the ride and confine all his attention to me. In a couple of minutes he would dissect me so completely as to leave me gasping. He knew more of me than I did myself. Marvellous. Instructors are born not made. Loving satire as I did, I gorged on it and had enough left for future occasions. Just as well that I never took things se-

riously. Otherwise, after such a vision of the real Pte. Powell, there was nothing left but suicide. Stimulating utter dejection, I would listen to the tirade, and then, profiting by the lesson, would, when once again under way, do worse.

What could they do but consider me hopeless? No sooner however did I know that the unlikely ones were to be shipped to the infantry than I improved rapidly and wonderfully, and applied myself diligently to the study of languages. Do N.C.O's., by the way, receive secret instruction in this subject? Seems like it. To keep it so jealously guarded is a sad mistake. N.C.O. language should be universal throughout the army. As it is, complete understanding is absent.

Something is screamed in a shrill falsetto and the patient privates, making a guess at it, can hardly be blamed if the guess is incorrect. Officers in the field are also fond of giving tongue to sounds whose meaning is known only to themselves. After five years of patient investigation I succeeded in fathoming one expression, at least. This, for your future comfort, I pass on to you. "Slope Hipes" in itself would stagger anybody. Slope is easy but "Hipes?" "Hipes" I have discovered is an obsolete word meaning "Arms." It is derived from Hippopotamus which, as you know, is not a particularly active animal. Private soldiers may be likened to this creature, hence, the application.

"Slope Hipes" means then, literally, "Slope Arms, you "Hippopotami." Do not mention it, pray.

Forgetting the possibility of our familiarity with horses, the rulers of the regiment though it best to start at the bottom of the ladder again. This was the reason for forbidding the wearing of spurs and the use of the bit rein. Don't forget the slacks. A few, perhaps, had breeches, but the majority of us rode in slacks, and I, personally, hated it. Hated everything just then. Seemed as though I could do nothing right. My toes would always be out instead of in. I rode as a passenger. I never sat up straight. Never kept the proper distance from the horse in front. Never pleased Hoppy. It was a hell of a life and foot-slogging showed up as possessing many advantages after all.

(To be continued)

The Blood Feud.

(Continued from page 14)

the pallid calcium light as plainly as in the glare of noon. But beyond an occasional scavenging rat, it held no living thing.

For thirty minutes he remained motionless. Then he climbed down and addressed a nearby officer.

"There is nothing," he muttered. "I do not understand—"

The other held up his hand sharply. "Listen!"

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Their ears caught a gentle pattering which increased to a quick, terrifying crescendo, and Von Strolch screamed instant warning. It was the sound of hundreds of bare feet slapping toward them across the mud.

Madly he blew his whistle and the German front line burst into life. Rifle fire crackled along the length of the front. Bombers hurled their grenades at random toward the enemy line and the air was filled with their peculiar pinging bursts. Flares streamed up on every side, criss-crossing in graceful arcs of white fire, and the grim faces of the machine gunners poured sweat as the belts jerked round. Von Strolch sent up the S.O.S.

In thirty seconds the German batteries responded, raking the ground between the lines and sending never-ceasing fountains of earth skyward along the enemy front and support trenches. As a defensive display it was perfect. Nothing could live through that hail of death. The uproar started panic all along the line and the flanks for a mile or more, both German and British, joined in the show.

It was an hour before the last reluctant detonation died away and Von Strolch, hearing only the sullen mutter of distant guns, rubbed his hands jubilantly. Not one of the enemy had reached his wire. That would teach the yellow dogs a lesson. He leaned once more upon the parapet listening. Then, as he stepped back upon the trench mat, from the Gurkha trench came peal after peal of

loud sardonic laughter. In a wave of bitterness, the Pomeranian understood, and he ground his teeth and stamped his heel into the earth. He had been tricked again. The Gurkhas had not tried to come across. They had simply patted their wet parapet with the palms of their hands.

An hour later they repeated the performance, and in spite of the fact that they knew they had been played with before, Von Strolch's ragged-nerved sentries blazed away again. Once more the alarm spread to the flank and caused the useless expenditure of thousands of rounds, of ammunition, tailed off by the Gurkhas' ironic laughter. To sweeten Von Strolch's temper, too, came a note from brigade forwarded by his colonel, entreating him not to be a fool. Resentful and desperate, he ordered his men to disregard it if it occurred again.

Sleep now was out of the question, and he prowled about the trenches in mental torment until nearly dawn. The battalion was to be relieved that night, and earnestly he prayed that they would be ordered to another part of the front. He had had enough.

Stand-to—that hour when the opposing forces manned their trenches in strength against the favorite time of attack came just before daybreak and the Pomeranian trenches were crowded with men. Von Strolch and his officers moved slowly along the company front, inspecting the troops and making certain that everything was in good order. All showed the effect of the strain of the night.

Suddenly their ears again were assailed by that disturbing patter on the mud. Now, however, the men were under better control. They were not going to be fooled again.

"Don't fire!" Von Strolch shouted.

The sound increased in volume, beating upon their eardrums, but the men in the trench stood tense, without movement. Let the fools play. They would not bite this time.

The sentry's scream of warning ended in a hacking grunt, and his body tumbled back into the trench. The Gurkhas were upon them, streaming in a yellow horde over the parapet, into the crowded trench. The narrow trench rang with shouts, blows, the groans of the fallen, the clash of steel, the impotent crack of pistols. There was no space for bayonet or rifle work; the tribesmen were on them too quickly, and the luckless Pomeranians were as men unarmed. Cramped and unable to use their superior weight against the chunky little men from the Himalayas, they fought desperately for a few minutes with fist and boot and teeth, but against that unblinking savagery their blood turned to water and they gave, broke and ran. The Gurkhas pursued them. So flesh could stand against the fury of their attack.

Von Strolch, with his back to the trench wall, fought white-lipped for his life. He was not a coward, and when his emptied automatic failed to respond, he used the butt.

There was a great roaring in his brain. He warded off a glancing blow and sent an assailant into writhing agony with a terrific kick in the stomach. But they were too many for him. They climbed on and over him like gigantic cats, hindering the kill by their very violence to get at him.

Scarlet specks danced before his bulging eyes and he warded off the murderous sweep of a heavy blade at the cost of his left arm. He was near his end, and for one sickening moment he knew it. Then, as he roused himself for a last despairing effort, a leaping shape blotted out the rising sun, bounded across the paradises and into the trench.

It was the wolf of the Himalayas Jugundra Sur. Close behind him was Ganesh Lal. The latter knocked aside the hand of Jugundra Sur as the hillman slashed downward in a mighty sweep.

"Nay! This man is mine," he screamed, and launched himself at the Pomeranian's throat. In a tangled heap they went to the bottom of the trench. Von Strolch threw off the Gurkha and half rose to his knees. He never saw it coming, that flash of bright descending steel.

A quarter of an hour later, burdened with loot, the Gurkhas trotted contentedly back to their own trenches and posaiically took cover against the inevitable artillery counterblow. And when the Pomeranian supports crept cautiously forward up the new deserted trenches, to reinvest their front line, they came upon the body

of Edmund Eric Von Strolch of the Guards. Upon his breast in regular order, like the insignia of a decoration, lay two pieces of shining gold.

COOKING RECIPES

Bread Pudding—Gather up all the chunks of bread that have been left over on the plates for the past week and dump them into a bucket of water. Let them soak over night and in the morning pound into a pulp with the butt end of an empty beer bottle. Take a handful of plums and chuck into the mess. Stir with a big spoon and add a little sugar. Dump into a pan and stick it into the oven. As soon as it begins to look a trifle less disgusting, take it out and serve as Plum Pudding.

Roast Turkey—Save up for months until you have price of a good big bird. Then take money and send to Montreal for half a dozen bottles of Scotch. You won't want any turkey.

Rabbit Stew—Take a good fat cat and give it a bat over the head in the cellar. Remove the skin and dismember with a sharp knife. Put in pan with a little water and allow to simmer slowly for a couple of hours. Season to taste.

Three or four dashes of gum syrup,
One dash of Boker's bitters,
One wine glass of brandy,
Two dashes of Curaçao,
One dash of lemon juice.

First, mix the ingredients in a small tumbler, then take a fancy red wine-glass, rub a sliced lemon around the rim of the same and dip it into pulverized sugar, so that the sugar will adhere to the edge of the glass. Pare half a lemon the same as you would an apple (all in one piece,) so that the paring will fit into the wine glass. After shaking up the cruste with ice, strain it into the wine-glass from the tumbler. Then smile.

MORE SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

Here are some further examples of brilliant schoolboy brains revealed in examination paper answers:

An abstract noun is something we can think of but cannot feel—as a redhot poker.

The function of the skin is to keep in the bones, and we look much nicer with the skin on; if we had no skin we should go about skeletons. Leap year is instead of its being the next day on the same day next year it's the day after.

Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart, and a large red nose, but underneath were deep religious feelings.

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry—Withers.

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Yells Prepared by the W.C.T.U. for Students.

Down with the bootlegger!
Up with the law!
Vote for Law Enforcement!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Beer and wine—never, never, never!
Boys and girls—ever, ever, ever!
Beer and whiskey—both a curse!
I drink water—safety first!

Leaders of a furniture convention were treated to the following by one of the speakers:—The newspaper is the finest institution of learning in the United States today. Four years of conscientious and thoughtful study of the papers will give a young man a broader education than can be gained in any university.

You hear a lot about "blushing brides," but did you ever see one?

GYMNASTICS FOR PROOF READERS

A man was spending his vacation at a camp. One day he asked a farmer who resided near by what he did with such an enormous peach crop. The farmer replied, "Well, we eat what we can and what we can't eat we can." "We do the same thing, brother," said the questioner. "We sell what we can sell, and what we can't sell we cancel."—Advents.

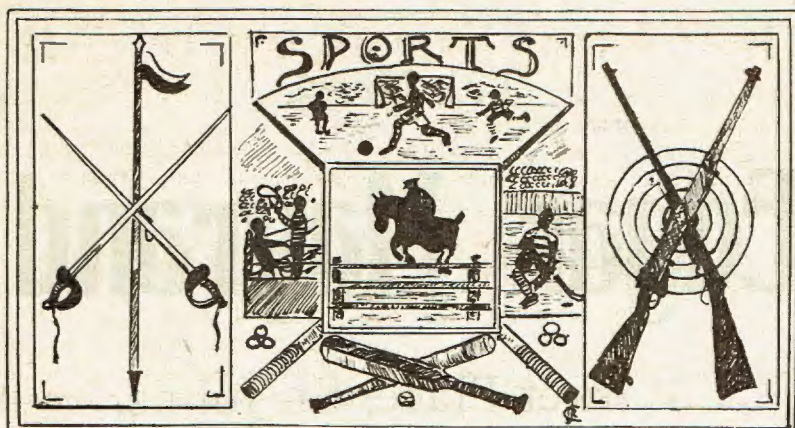
"I'll never forget the night you proposed," said his wife. "You acted like a fish out of water."
"Yes, I was a sucker."

The other day Adam approached St. Peter at the pearly gates and said: "I should like very much, Peter, to get a pass to visit my old haunts on earth."

"Not on your life, Adam. You raised too much Cain down there when you were a young man."

"Aw, Pete, you might let me go." "What do you want to go down there for, anyhow?"

I want to turn over another leaf.



Stanley Barracks

Cribbage

The Toronto Garrison Cribbage League is now in full swing, the first game having been played on the 15th November.

The team from the Stanley Barracks Sergeants' Mess have, to date, broken even, having won from H.Q., M.D. 2 and the Toronto Regiment and lost to the 48th Highlanders and the Queen's Own Rifles. However they are after another cup this year and intend to do better from now on.

Sergeant A. Buell, R.C.D., is Capt. of the team this year.

Royal Winter Fair

Since our last number we have to report an additional award in the

Horse Show, which was by Trooper D. Walters, R.C.D., who on his Bay Gelding "Jim" was placed second in the Military or Police Mount Class.

Hockey

The Hockey Season is away to a good start this year owing to the fact that arrangements have been made to practice one hour a week at the Varsity Arena. These practices have now been going on for some three weeks and Captain Home reports the Squad. to be working well and expects to turn out a team which will be even better than last year. It is our intention to again enter an indoor intermediate group of the Toronto Hockey League.

Through the courtesy of the City of Toronto a full sized open air rink is being constructed on the lawn in front of the Officers' Mess.

The following from the Cavalry Journal is the translation of an article by R. Freiherr von Folkenstein in the "Militia-Voochenblatt" of 11th February 1927.

"The Two Sides of the Wood."

In the beech woods along the DEMUIN-MOREUIL Road the buds were bursting into spring; a light mist overlay everything, and only with difficulty did the sun struggle through and light up Good Friday's field of battle.

Ghostly figures suddenly appeared and were as quickly lost to sight again. The morning mist fought unequally with the light of day.

Already, however, the enemy aircraft were beginning their drowsy song, swooping down upon Number 1 and 2 Companies of the 101st Grenadiers, which were occupying the front line of the wood, but one of these great birds was brought down by the fire of a light machine gun. Rather to the right-rear. No. 8 Company formed a second line, while on the Villers-aux-Erables road there now came in sight the leading troops of the 243rd Wurtemberg Division marching to Moreuil. Then about 8 a.m. the 2nd Battalion of the 101st Gre-

nadiers received an order from regimental headquarters directing that the 23rd Saxon Division would be relieved by the Wurtembergers on the morning of the 30th March.

Fast upon the receipt of this unaccountable order, which seemed in no way to follow on the successful attack of the preceding day, came the report: "Enemy tanks seen to be in movement from the Thennes direction"—and in such a country and with the prevailing mist the intervention of these engines of war seemed extremely probable. While all possible measures were being taken to meet such an attack, suddenly a body of Canadian cavalry came riding down upon the left flank of the battalion, actually against No. 7 Company riding partly through and partly past the fringe of the wood. There were some 70 horsemen, and it seems that they hardly expected to find our front line so close to the edge of the wood, and in some measure hidden by the wisps of mist, they came on almost at a walk. The Grenadiers were thus given time to open a well-aimed fire at short range and so drove back the enemy who suffered a severe loss.

Practically coincident with the advance by this cavalry body against the left flank, came an at-

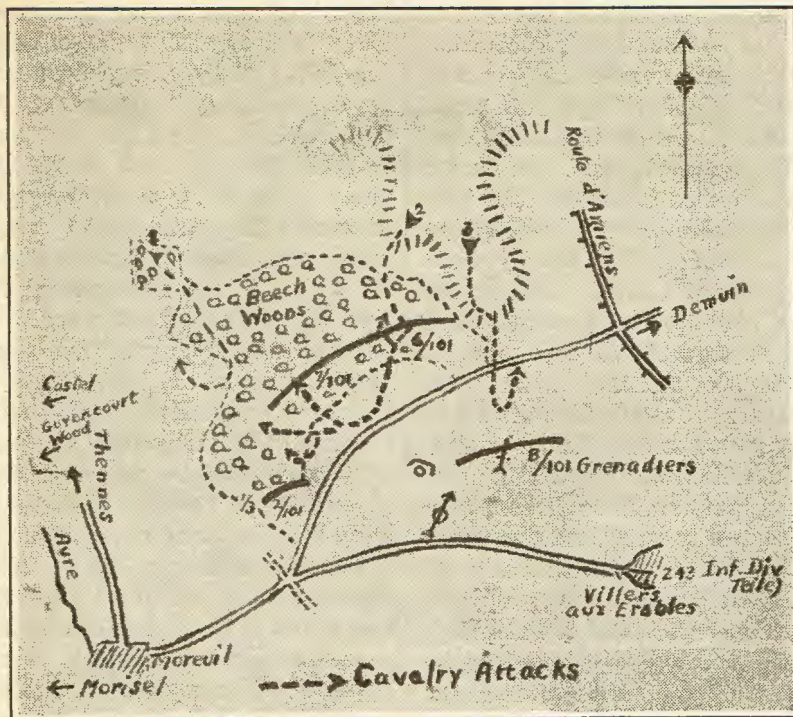
tack by two squadrons in two lines directed against the right company of the battalion—No. 6—coming from a neighbouring valley or depression in the ground; and these well equipped and admirably mounted men charged down upon the Saxon infantry at full gallop. For a moment this wholly unexpected and unusual intervention by a cavalry body seemed as it were to stun the defence, and the attack lost nothing of its moral effect for the reason that there were many young soldiers in the ranks of the battalion, who on this day were taking part in their first action. Consequently the Canadians were able to charge right home into the front line of the infantry where a very desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, the horsemen engaging the grenadiers at first with their pistols, and when these were discharged, taking to their swords and falling upon the Saxons, cutting and thrusting, the infantry offering a stubborn opposition. And so for some moments the battle raged to and fro, and in and out of the wood, among the fallen men and horses.

At the very beginning of the onset, a small body of Strathcona's Dragoons, some sixty in number, succeeded in breaking right through the front line and in pushing on in rear of the leading companies in the direction of Moreuil.

Here they came upon a platoon of No. 2 Company in the act of being relieved, and by this platoon and by a machine-gun section of the 2nd Battalion the Canadian were received with a most murderous fire. Only a few of the dragoons succeeded in making their escape in a north-westerly direction, disappearing in the mist among the trees and shrubs of the wood. A small scattered party of them came suddenly upon the rear of No. 7 Company and endeavoured—taken aback and dismounted as many of them were—to cut their way through. But very few, however, succeeded in doing so; not one of them allowed himself to be taken prisoner—each man had kept the last round in his pistol for himself!

On hearing the report as to the presence of enemy tanks, Captain Yungnickel, the battalion commander, seeing a heavy howitzer of Artillery Regiment No. 93, which then happened to be passing along the Villers-aux-Erables—Moreuil road, ordered it to unlimber on the right, while a machine-gun section of the battalion was also drawn up on the left of No. 8 Company, which here formed a second line. This was the situation when the enemy ordered his last squadron to attack. Taking advantage of the serious condition of No. 6 Company, some two hundred horsemen, ranged in three lines, came charg-





Courtesy Cavalry Journal

ing down in a southerly direction lightly enveloping the right of the front line of the battalion. Received by the fire of the heavy howitzer, by that of the machine-gun section, and by a shower of bombs, the attack was bloodily repulsed, the last rider falling dead from his saddle two hundred yards from the rifle muzzles of No. 8 Company, while several wounded horses remained on the field of

action.

The first line of the company was now, for tactical reasons and owing to want of ammunition, withdrawn from the wood to the Denuin-Morise road. Strong enemy bodies appeared moving slowly forward towards the wood from Thennes, and the sun now broke out, lighting up the whole battlefield.

(To be Continued)

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QUICK SERVICE

TWO DELIVERY TEAMS

The family were sitting round the fireside. Mother was knitting, father reading the newspaper, and the boy was studying words.

"Dad," the boy asked, "what is a

fiancee?"

"A woman who is engaged to be married."

"Then what is a fiasco, dad?"

"Oh, that's the fellow who is going to marry her."



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